
T H E
C R I S I S.

NUMBER VI. *To be continued Weekly.*

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1775, [Price Two-pence Halfpenny]

Is there not some hidden
CURSE in the Stores of HEA-
VEN, Red with uncommon
Wrath, to BLAST the Man who
Owes his GREATNESS to his
COUNTRY'S RUIN.

To the Right Honourable L O R D N O R T H, First
Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and
Ranger of Bushy Park, &c. &c.

My L O R D,

E know not which is most to be detested your Lordship's PUSILLANIMITY, or your VILAINY, such a Miscreant never before disgraced the Administration of any Country, nor the confidence of any King; one Day you are all Fire and Sword, *Boston* is to be laid in *Ashes*, and the Rivers of *America* are to run with the BLOOD of her Inhabitants; Ships are prepared, Troops embarked, and Officers appointed for the threatned Carnage; you no sooner find, the brave Americans are determined to resist your Instruments of Slaughter and to oppose the cruel Designs of a despotic Tyrant, to rob them of their Rights; than all the bravadoing, and all the blustering of your Lordship, is immediately softened into a Calm, and you Relax; FEAR seizes your dastardly Soul, and you sink beneath the Weight of accumulated Guilt.

One Day we hear of nothing but accusations, Proscriptions, Impeachments, and Bills of Attainder against the Patriots in America, and they are speedily to be apprehended, and to receive a Punishment due to their *Crimes*, due to *Rebels*; three Days do not elapse before this JUST and NOBLE resolution of your Lordship to bring those Traitors to a Trial is dropped, and lenient, or, no Steps are to be taken against them.

Another Day ALL the Colonies are in a state of REBELLION, and the last Advices received from America, you tell the House of Commons, were of a very alarming Nature, and such a daring Spirit of Resistance had manifested itself throughout the Continent, that it was now high time Parliament should adopt Measures for ENFORCING obedience to the late Acts, a Plan is no sooner proposed by you, but carried by a ROTTEN MAJORITY, for reducing them to a state of Subjection to your, and your Royal Master's WILL; and Bloodshed and Slaughter stare them in the Face; they laugh at your impotent Malice, and with a spirited firmness becoming of Freemen, DARE you to the Stroke; when behold, your Threats, and the resolutions of your venal Troop, (I will not call it a British Senate) become like the Threats and Resolutions of a Society of Coal Porters, who declare Vengeance against another Body of Men, who will not comply with their UNLAWFUL IMPOSITIONS, but, FEAR the next Day without even the shadow of Justice on their side to carry their desperate Designs into execution.

The Motion you made, my Lord, in the House of Commons on Monday last, for a SUSPENSION of the several American Acts, till it is known WHICH of the Provinces will raise a REVENUE, and contribute to the Luxuries of the parent State, subject to the Controul of the British Parliament, is a Subterfuge too low, and too thinly disguised to deceive the Americans, or to impose upon the understanding of the meanest Capacity; it is evident to the World this is only a villainous Plan to divide them, who, while united together, may bid defiance to all your Lordship's cunning, fraud, force, and villainy. The Americans, my Lord, are too sensible and too Brave to be drawn into any Trap, either of your, or, your Royal Master's making, you may weave the Webb as artfully as you please, for their Destruction, and they will be sure to break it; their Cause is Just, 'tis the Cause of Heaven, and Built upon the solid foundation of TRUTH and LIBERTY, they will carefully watch over the sacred gifts of God, and never surrender them

to you, nor any Power upon Earth, but with their Lives. You have found, my Lord, that your hostile Invasion, and all your Force and Violence would not Terrify them into a Compliance with your Measures, nor answer the infamous Design of making the King ABSOLUTE in *America*; and now you are determined to try whether by Fraud and Artifice you can effect your Purpose.

You have, my Lord, by the most cruel Oppressions, drove the Americans to a State of Desperation, you have destroyed their Charters, invaded their Rights, imposed Taxes contrary to every principle of Justice, and to every idea of Representation, and by blockading the Port of BOSTON, reduced near Thirty Thousand People in easy Circumstances, to a State of dependence upon the Charity and Benevolence of their Fellow Subjects; and now, rare CONDESCENSION, a SUSPENSON, of the several American Acts, or in other Words, Ministerial Oppression and Villainy is to be granted them, provided they will raise a REVENUE in America, still subject to the CONTROUL of the King and Parliament in England: This *Suspension Scheme*, my Lord, will not do, the Americans will have a REPEAL of ALL the Acts they complain of, and a full restoration of all their CHARTERS, RIGHTS, LIBERTIES, and PREVILIGES, before they grant you a single Farthing, and then not subject to the control of a Banditti of Rotten Members in St. Stephen's Chapel, of your appointing, for where would be the difference, between their Taxing themselves, Subject to the CONTROUL, and at the DISPOSAL of the King and Parliament, HERE; or of the House of Commons in England Taxing them in the first Instance, there would be none, my Lord, and they would still be in the same situation they are now; still subject to the WILL of the King, and the Corrupt influence of the Crown, this Scheme, my Lord, appears to me as rediculous and absurd, as the NEGATIVE still vested in the Court of Aldermen, in the City of London, which gives a Power to a Majority of TWENTY-SIX, to set aside the Choice of SEVEN THOUSAND Liverymen, in the Election of their Mayors. Be assured, my Lord, this new Plan must fall to the Ground, with all your former ones in this Business; the Day of Trial is at Hand, the Americans will be firm, they will have a confirmation of all their Rights; they will have a redress of all their Grievances; they will levy their own Taxes, NOT SUBJECT, to any controuling Power; and they will fix the Constitutional Liberty of America, upon a Foundation not be again shaken by YOU, nor any PUSILANIMOUS, WEAK, WICKED, or CRUEL TYRANT.

It

It is unnatural; but for a Moment, my Lord, suppose the Americans should come into your Proposals, or agree with the Terms of your Motion, how, my Lord, can you make Reparation for the Injuries England and America, has sustained, or will it in any Degree lessen your Villainy, or atone for your Crimes; what Compensation can you make for the Loss of our Trade, to the Amount of near three Millions? What Compensation can you make for robbing the Nation of near one Million and a half of Money, to carry on your execrable Designs against your fellow Subjects in America? you can make none; your Head indeed would be a pleasing Spectacle upon *Temple Bar*, but the Loss of that, and your Estates, would never atone for a ten thousandth Part of your Crimes and Villainy; still it is to be hoped the Minority in the House of Commons, and the People will never leave you, till they have both, till you are made a public Example, and brought to condign Punishment.

Every Measure, my Lord, of your Administration at home, has been cruel, arbitrary, and unconstitutional; and every Measure with Respect to foreign Affairs, has been weak, cowardly, absurd and ridiculous; unbecoming an English Minister, and only calculated to destroy the Honour and Interest of this Kingdom.

The Glory and Dignity of the British Nation, was never so infamously sacrificed both by you and the King, as in the Year 1770, by a scandalous secret Convention with Spain, concerning Faulkland's Islands.

With Respect to domestic Affairs, you have endeavoured to erect the Sovereign into a despotic Tyrant; you have made him trample under Foot, all Laws, human and divine; you have made him destroy the Rights and Liberties of the People, in every Part of the British Empire. You have made it apparently his Interest to promote Divisions at home; you have obliged him to quit the GLORIOUS title of Father of his People, and debase himself into the Head of a Party, whom he has invested with an absolute Dominion over him, and whilst he monarch's it in his own Closet, becomes contemptible in the Eyes of his Subjects, and the whole World; weak, timid, and irresolute; he deeply engages in all your Lordship's infamous Measures, and the Rest of his Ministers; and it is for this Reason we see every Act of ministerial Villainy and Murder, sanctified by Royal Authority.

A Parody, for your Lordship's Perusal, on
the 3d Scene of the 5th Act of Richard
the 3d.

Enter NORTH, from his Bed.

'Tis now the dead of Night, and half the World is in a lonely,
solemn Darkness hung; yet I (so a coy a Dame is sleep to me)
with all the weary Courtship of my care-tired Thoughts, can't
Win her to my Arms; tho' even the Stars do Wink, as 'twere
with over-watching.—I'll to my Bed, and once more try to sleep
her into morning. [Lies down, a Groan is heard.

Ha! what means that dismal Voice? Sure 'tis the Echo of
some yawning Grave, that teems with an untimely Ghost.—
'Tis gone! 'twas but my Fancy, which ever, and anon, of late,
conjures the People's murmurs to my Ear—no matter what, I
feel my Eyes grow heavy.— [Sleeps.

Enter the Ghost of Britannia.

Brit. Oh! thou whose unrelenting Thoughts, not all the
hideous Terrors of thy Guilt can shake; whose Conscience, with
thy Body, ever Sleeps—Sleep on; while I by Heaven's high
Ordinance, in Dreams of Horror wake thy frightful Soul: now
give thy Thoughts to me; let them behold those gaping Wounds,
which thy death-dealing Hand, from Time to Time, gave my
anointed Body: now shall thy own devouring Conscience gnaw
thy Heart, and terribly revenge my Murder.

*Enter the Ghosts of those barbarously Murdered at Brentford, Boston,
and in St. George's Fields, in the merciful Reign of the
present King.*

Ghosts. North Dream on, and let the wand'ring Spirits of thy
butchered Fellow Subjects grate thine Ear! could not the cause
wherein we were embarked; the common, open birthright of a
Briton, persuade thy cruel Heart to spare our Lives? Oh! 'twas
a cruel Deed! therefore alone, unpitying, unpitid shalt thou
fall.

Enter the Ghost of the late Lord Chancellor.

Lord Chancellor, Could not the various wrongs thou didst
thy Country's Weal, in CAMDEN, GRANBY, WILKES, and
many more, glut thy relentless Soul? but thou and Gratton
must

must aim thy Dagger at my Life—yes at my Life, unfeeling Man! for could'st thou think that after quitting every claim to Honour, Truth, or Right, I'd longer bare my hated Load, of Infamy—Oh! no! the Grave could only save me from myself! Wake then in all the Hells of Guilt! and let that wild Despair, which now does prey upon thy mangled Thoughts, be to the World a terrible example. [Ghosts Vanish.]

North. Spare me my Life!—I do repent—your Wrongs shall be redressed.—Hah! soft—'twas but a Dream, but then so terrible, it shakes my Soul; cold drops of Sweat hang on my trembling Flesh; my Blood grows chilly, and I freeze with Horror: O! Tyrant Conscience! how dost thou afflict me? Fain would I re-assume my Walk; was it not terrible retreating? Who is there?

Enter MUNGO, alias Jeremiah Dyson,

Mungo. 'Tis I, my Lord,—the Morn is far advanced, and all your Friends are up, preparing for the House.

North. Oh! Mungo, I have had such Horrid Dreams!

Mungo. Shadows! my Lord—below the Statesman's heading

North. Now, by my every hope—shadows to Night have struck more terror to the soul of North, than could the whole of ten minorities, armed all in proof and led by noisy Chatham.

Mungo. Be more yourself, my Lord; consider, where it but known a Dream had frightened you, how would your animated Foes presume on it.

North. Perish that thought!—no—never be it said that Fate itself cou'd awe the soul of North.

Hence babbling Dreams you threaten here in vain
Conscience avaunt, North is himself again!
With this*, and with my gracious Sovereign's ear,
I'll act determined—free from ev'ry fear.

* Producing the Key of the Treasury.